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LI HUNG CHANG PLACING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF HIS FRIEND, GENERAL GRANT.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

LI HUNG CHANG.

THE illustrious representative of China, whose visit to this country has attracted so much attention, is a man who, judged by results, deserves to be classed with Cavour, Bismarck and Grant. As a General, his name will be inseparable in his country's history from the suppression of the most tremendous rebellion ever known upon the earth; as a statesman, he has been for upward of thirty years the foremost advocate in China of progress and reform through the adoption of European methods in naval, military and industrial affairs; while as a diplomatist he gained remarkable distinction, in the eyes of Western observers, through his negotiation of the treaty of Shimonoseki. To the world outside of the Middle Kingdom his name is better known than that of any of his countrymen, except Confucius; yet it might have been better for his fame at home had he died before the outbreak of the disastrous war with Japan, which he had striven vainly to avert.

We have called Li a representative of China; and that he is in the strictest sense, by descent and by education. His life has given the lie to the assertion, that the native Chinese stock is effete and that the intellect is stunted by the national system of civil service examinations. There is not a drop of Manchu blood in his veins; all of his progenitors, on both his father's and his mother's side, were Chinese of the purest race, and for at least six generations the men had been literati or members of the learned class. It is a mistaken though a current notion that Li was born poor, and that he labored under signal disadvantages in the acquirement of the highest education attainable on Chinese principles. As a matter of fact, his father was a landed proprietor of mandarin rank, rich enough to have several wives, and to provide even a son by an inferior wife, which Li was, with the private tutors needed for his instruction. Thus, from an early age the boy received the training which, in conjunction with his great abilities, enabled him to pass successively the prefectural, the provincial and the metropolitan examinations, and, ultimately, to gain the crown of Chinese scholarship—namely, admission to the Hamlin College, or Imperial Academy. He was sure, therefore, of office from the start, and of promotion in due time; but he might never have reached his present place of eminence had he continued in a civil post throughout the first part of his public life. It was his good fortune to render service to a General operating against the Taipings in an interior province, and, being by him

invested with subordinate military functions, he evinced so much efficiency that he eventually acquired the favor of Tseng-Kofan, the Commander-in-Chief, and was placed in command of the army operating in Eastern Kiangsu against the rebels. Here he had the sagacity to recognize the value of European discipline and equipment, and to welcome the assistance of the American General, Ward, and of the English Colonel, Gordon, by means of which he recovered the historical city Suchow, an achievement which was followed, in 1864, by the fall of Nanking and the death of the usurping Emperor. At this date the Taiping rebellion had lasted twelve years, and is computed to have caused the sacrifice of twenty million lives. Nor was it until 1875 that the embers of insurrection, which had flared up repeatedly in Western and Southwestern China, were entirely extinguished, so that a loss of no less than fifty million human beings has been imputed by a high authority to this unparalleled uprising. It is doubtful whether all the revolutions by which dynasties have been overthrown during three thousand years in China were, all taken together, so destructive as the Taiping rebellion, which, but for Li Hung Chang and his well selected European officers, must have proved irresistible. To have coupled his name with an event so unprecedented as the rescue of a dying dynasty from a stupendous popular upheaval will assure to him in Chinese annals a place by the side of the Emperor Cheng, the builder of the Great Wall, and of the Emperor Kublai, the completer of the Grand Canal. If we look at the magnitude of the forces engaged, or at the duration and sanguinary character of the struggle, the rebellion put down by Li Hung Chang dwarfs by comparison the civil wars of the Roman and American Republics, and can find no approach to a counterpart in history, except in the contest of Europe against France in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era.

As an administrator and a statesman, Li Hung Chang may possibly sometimes have wished that fate had made him the champion, not of the interloping dynasty established in the Middle Kingdom by barbarian Manchus, but rather of the Taiping rebels, who were, at least, native Chinese, and whose chief, educated by a missionary, had determined, while preserving the traditional civil service system, to make the Christian religion and European science the subjects of the examinations, instead of the Chinese classics. Incalculable would be the effect of such a revolution in the radical principles of education upon the future of China, but it is certain that progressive men of Li's stamp would not have encountered at Peking the stolid resistance which so often has upset their plans and paralyzed their efforts. As it was, Li accomplished a good deal. In return for his services against the Taipings he obtained not only the highest honors, but offices which offered the widest field for his abilities. He received from the Government the yellow jacket, and cap button and peacock feather, which belong to the highest rank, and on the final suppression of the rebellion he was made an earl in the newly created hereditary peerage, wherein the highest title is that of Marquis, that of Prince being reserved to sons and grandsons of Emperors, and that of Duke to two or three descendants of Confucius. After holding other posts of great importance, he became, twenty years ago, Governor-General or Viceroy of Chihli, which as the metropolitan province made him in a special sense the guardian of the throne. Notwithstanding the law of rotation in office, which is rigorously observed in China, he has retained his high place ever since, the regent Empress of the West even breaking, in his case, the rule prescribed for mourning, and allowing him, on the occasion of his mother's death, to retire from active employment only three months, instead of three years.

Undoubtedly, it was the prospect of anomalous permanence which encouraged Li Hung Chang to undertake a progressive policy in naval, military and commercial directions, which, had his term of office been of normal brevity, he would have deemed impracticable. What is known is that, during his viceroyalty, a navy was built; the two naval fortresses of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei were constructed and equipped; naval and military schools were established; coal mines were opened; an army of one hundred thousand men was armed and drilled; the telegraph was introduced to a certain extent, and a railway, intended to meet that

of Siberia, was laid as far as the terminus of the Great Wall. Moreover, a merchant marine was organized to vie with Europeans in the field of commerce; it was a representative of Li who created the splendid fleet of the China Merchant Company. It does not follow, however, because throughout his long tenure of control at Tientsin, and of great though opposed and intermittent influence in the Emperor's councils, he has always been a friend of progress, that he is also a friend of foreigners. On the contrary, all his efforts have been directed toward preparing his country for defense against the encroachments of outsiders, such as he has personally witnessed in the opium war, in the affair of the lorcha "Arrow," in the Anglo-French occupation of Peking, and in the French subjugation of Tonquin and Annam. If all the resources accumulated by him proved inadequate in the conflict with Japan, it was not Li's fault, but his country's misfortune that she had but one such man.

For the collapse of the Chinese naval and military forces in the war against Japan, Li Hung Chang was most unjustly blamed; for, being qualified to measure the relative strength of the prospective combatants, he considered the contest ill-advised, and strained his influence to prevent it. In the day of calamity his enemies were silent, and his Imperial master requested him, as the one Chinese subject great enough to command respect, to obtain, as pleni potentary, the best terms possible from the triumphant enemy. What occurred at Shimonoseki we know from an eye-witness, who has recorded the rare combination of courage, tact and foresight exhibited in the negotiations on the part of the veteran representative of China. It is no doubt true that the indignation aroused by the attempt to assassinate the Chinese ambassador—he still carries in his cheek the ball from the assassin's pistol—caused the Mikado to grant the desired armistice without conditions. It is also possible that feelings of regret and sympathy led the Japanese ruler afterward to mitigate the severity of the terms imposed by his representatives. There was not, however, in these subsequent concessions, as there had been in the granting of the armistice, anything spontaneous. They were made in response to Li's criticism of the Japanese draft of the treaty—a criticism which was drawn up by him upon the bed of suffering, but which, in the judgment of diplomats, ranks among the ablest documents of its class, and well expresses the intellectual grasp and fearless spirit of its author. It is undeniable that no such paper, prepared in similar circumstances, has ever proved equally effective. In the way of pecuniary indemnity it led the Japanese to deduct one hundred million of silver dollars from the amount originally demanded; while in the way of territory it induced them to withdraw their demand for the cession of Mukden, the old Manchurian capital, as well as the belt of land lying between it and the fortieth parallel. On the whole, the result of his mission to Japan has not a little increased the respect entertained by competent onlookers for the abilities of Li Hung Chang, though it is questionable, as we have said, whether his arrogant and ignorant countrymen will ever forgive him for his instrumentality in the conclusion of a peace which has subjected them to humiliation and considerable sacrifice.

What has fate still in reserve for a man who, although seventy-four years old, seems yet to have before him some years of intellectual activity? It is understood that he carries back to Peking the agreement of Russia, Germany and France to an increase of the customs duties in the treaty ports from the five per cent fixed by treaty to ten per cent ad valorem; and it seems incredible that the assent of England to a request so reasonable can be long withheld. We call the request essentially reasonable, because one precisely similar on the part of Japan has been granted, and because the sum now receivable from duties by China is, owing to the depreciation of silver, worth only half as much as it originally was, for the purpose of purchasing machinery and material of war in Western countries. If Li Hung Chang shall prove to have succeeded in this, which was the real purpose of his mission to Europe, he will have rendered a supreme service to his country by enabling her not only to pay the interest on her public debt, but also to institute the requisite reforms in her navy and army and in the means of internal communication.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

"PRINCESS MARIE of Greece, second daughter of King George, is engaged to be married to the Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Russia. An Athens journal announced the other day that the match had been broken off and the unfortunate editor has been arrested on the charge of insulting the King and his family, an offense for which the penalty is imprisonment with hard labor for seven years."

The foregoing is from a London exchange. Incidentally there appeared in one of our local sheets a statement to the effect that a daughter of the Prince of Wales is to become Mrs. William Waldorf Astor. It is fortunate for the editor of that sheet that he lives in a land where the liberty of the press is larger than that which prevails in Greece. The statement is doubly insulting. It is insulting to the lady to whom it refers. It is insulting to the intelligence of its readers. It is insulting to the lady for the reason that while as a matter of courtesy she might become known as Mrs. Astor she would not be legally married. And it is an insult to common sense to expect any one to believe that such an event could occur. I have not a doubt to my name but that Mr. Astor is just as good as she is. I am convinced that between them honors are easy. I can fancy that she would be an excellent wife and he a devoted husband. But the point is elsewhere. The marriage would be morganatic and the issue would have the same status, or, more exactly, the same absence of status, which the children of the Duke of Cambridge enjoy. He, as all the world is aware, went through the ceremony of marriage with a most charming woman, but however charming, she was a commoner. There was an accident of birth all in her favor, but one which, because of his rank, prevented her from being regarded as her husband's wife and the children from being received. In spite of the respect which a nephew should accord to his aunt, the German Emperor has steadfastly refused to recognize the Princess Beatrice as a married woman. The Duke of Fife happens to have the blood of a Scotch King in his veins, otherwise you may be sure that his marriage to the Emperor's cousin would never have been accepted by the latter. Now the original Astor came from Holland, and his ancestors, I am sure, were excellent and worthy people, but as they were in no wise connected with the throne the reputation of this lady is not enhanced by editors who, in their imagination, mate her to that Astor's descendant.

Talking of law, the French Court of Appeals has declared Lombroso to be plagiarist. So he is. It was his amiable fashion to write with the scissors. His last work, a book on handwriting, was culled from a Frenchman's who brought suit. Lombroso admitted the piracy, but pleaded that it was for the advancement of science. But as it would not have hurt science for Lombroso to give credit where credit was due, the ingenuity of his plea did not help him.

Lombroso's pet theory is hereditary fatality, a poor thing, not his own and fallacious at that. The sins of the fathers are not always visited on the children. Ferdinand IV. of Naples was not a good man, as you know, and his wife, Queen Caroline, was a number of removes from a good woman. They had four daughters. One married the Emperor Francis II. Scandal never touched her. Another became Queen of Sardinia and for her purity was revered. A third was Princess of Asturias. She was as fair as her sisters, and as admirable, too. The fourth was Marie Amelie of France. In a recent article Mrs. Crawford declared that if there was a domestic saint, perfect in all respects, it was that lady. Nor did the taint appear in the next generation. Her three daughters followed her example. At the death of one of them, the Princess Marie of Wurtemberg, the Queen wrote: "I have lost a child and God has another angel." In this connection, however, it is interesting to note that the attitude of the latter's Belgian and Saxe-Coburg relatives has not been entirely normal. The Prince of Bulgaria, for instance, is frankly degenerate. Prince Philip was at Myerling

when the Crown Prince Rudolph lost his life, and the tale of Charlotte of Mexico is certainly sad enough.

Lombroso's theory, like his plea, is ingenious, but both are advertisements.

Apropos to titles, where and what is the National University of Illinois? According to Labouchere the Rev. J. Rogers announces himself in London as its authorized representative, and it appears that a party named Sayer is touting in rivalry with him for the sale of its degrees. Among the business literature of the factory is a pamphlet entitled "Verbum sat Sapienti"—for Sapienti read Stulti—and signed by Flavel S. Thomas, an author of whose existence I have hitherto been ignorant, but who describes himself as M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Medicine and Surgery (U.S.A.).

When you read the pamphlet you find that he is even a firmer believer in the degree system than his description of himself would indicate, for he declares that every one "eligible" should possess one also.

"Any degree," he says, "conferred by a University of good standing will insure for an energetic person a certain income of thousands of dollars a year."

Flavel is in error. I have two degrees, no one can accuse me of being idle, and neither of them have ever brought me a cent.

"Accordingly," Flavel adds, "every man and woman, both being eligible, should strive to obtain a degree. It gives you rank and position which will afford pleasure and profit. It will admit you to circles from which you might otherwise be debarred. It will command a deference from others, which is very pleasing to most of us"—isn't that lovely?—"and it will be a good investment, as it cannot be lost or its value impaired."

Thereat he has a fling at such people as myself. "Some writers," he continues, "pretend that a degree should not be appended to a signature. But would it be worth the trouble and expense of earning a degree that is not to be used? My advice," he concludes, "is therefore to obtain the title and use it, if you would attain to the success to which you aspire."

The manner in which a degree of the Universitas Nationalis Illinoensis is obtainable is then recited. You pay your money and take your choice. For the title of "D.D.," "LL.D.," or "Ph.D." the tariff is £21—\$105, less exchange. "B.A." and "B.L." are less expensive. You may have either for £12 10s., or \$62.50. While for "M.A." and "B.D." you pay £15 15s.

Not longer than a month ago a man was up in this city for forging a trademark. Degrees are the trademarks of education. What is the law in Chicago?

The will of Edmond de Goncourt is entirely satisfactory. He had a fortune of his own, and it has long been an open secret that he intended to found with it a purely literary Academy, one which should be more select than the Academie Francaise, and contain neither lords nor lackeys. It is to consist of ten members, each of whom is to receive an annual income of six thousand francs (twelve hundred dollars), and eight of them he has named. As was expected, his nearest friend, Alphonse Daudet, leads the list. There is nothing much the matter with Daudet. He has gone off, but his work used to be admirable. Then comes J. K. Huysmans, who is the foremost literary artist of France; Leon Hennique, a Zolaist; Octave Mirbeau, a journalist; Gustave Geoffroy, Paul Margueritte and the two Rosnys. There are two vacancies, and these the existing members will fill. Presumably they will choose Hermant or Hervieu, and certainly Louys, whose work, "Aphrodite," is the talk of Paris, a work, parenthetically, which gave Francois Coppee an attack of indignation morbus that lasted through four whole columns. The selection of Mirbeau and Margueritte seems to me silly. The latter has produced a dozen volumes, but not a single work, and Mirbeau, apart from journalism, is known merely as the author of one very unhealthy tale. As for the Rosnys, while they may have a literary future, they lack a literary past. Their books are pretentious and wordy, tricks which they may learn to forget but which at present renders their writings unreadable. In his will Edmond de Goncourt enjoins the Academicians to favor origi-

nality, however daring, in the annual prize of five thousand which they are to bestow. The selection of Margueritte and Mirbeau is therefore the more curious and the nomination of the Rosnys unexplained. There is no originality in any of them. Richepin has more in his little finger than the four of them put together, and it is not all in his little finger either. Two years ago he wrote a novel entitled "L'Aime." There was enough in it to make the reputation of a dozen writers. Last year he produced "Flamboche." It was Dickens transferred to Paris, brought up to date and endowed with an alertness and a humor more sardonic than any I have encountered before. Since De Goncourt favors originality there it was. Barring Daudet and Huysmans, Richepin overtops all the other novelists of France. And if De Goncourt, for reasons of his own, omitted him, why did he not take Vanderem, another innovator, or Marcel L'Heureux?

But it is idle to ask questions of a dead man, isn't it? Let us accept what he has done with thanks. According to the terms of his will, poets are not to be encouraged. As it takes the drainage of a billion people to produce a real one, we need not mind about that. And yet, all the same, as Gautier put it, an inability to write in verse should not be regarded as a special talent. It is fiction that is to be encouraged, aesthetics and erudition; and what is more, they are to be encouraged not with crowns but with coin. He leaves to the Academie Francaise the amiable duty of encouraging nonentities and nincompoops. It is originality alone which is to be recognized in his.

De Goncourt himself was not an original writer; when supplemented by his dead brother he did very good work. "Germinie Lacerteux," their masterpiece, is a powerful and admirable story. It occurred under their eyes; it is the tale of their servant. They were acute observers, and their sense of values was very keen. In a dilettante fashion both were artists. They believed they were geniuses. They worked with care, and their work is good; but it is not great. They thought differently. Their self-appreciation was naïf. In the Memoirs which Edmond de Goncourt left there is a reflection which is a pearl. He has been considering the Dies illa, the end of the world, not as a Catholic but as a scientist, and it seems to him awful that then his writings will disappear. No one, presumably, ever had the heart to tell that old man that his writings would die with him; and yet not from prescience of that, but through some instinct, he had the guile to imitate Victor Hugo and leave a series of manuscripts for posthumous production. They are to appear twenty years hence. When they do people will ask, Who is De Goncourt? And meanwhile, should the Academy he has founded disrupt, there will be no one then to tell.

By that time fiction itself, having lived its allotted span, will be dead. In the year 1916 it will be only invalids who will have leisure to read. The largest provider of literature in this country is the American News Company. I am creditably informed that their sales for the current year are less by one million dollars than they were the year before. It is the bike that has done it. What do you suppose the sales of the American News Company will amount to when the flying machine takes the place of the bike? Who will want to read fiction when they can live in it, soar in it and disappear in it if they like?

Not I for one, and I daresay not you.



DR. SAGE—"You are troubled with headache and you do not sleep well. Evidently what you need is exercise. What is your occupation?"

PATIENT—"I'm a wood-sawyer."

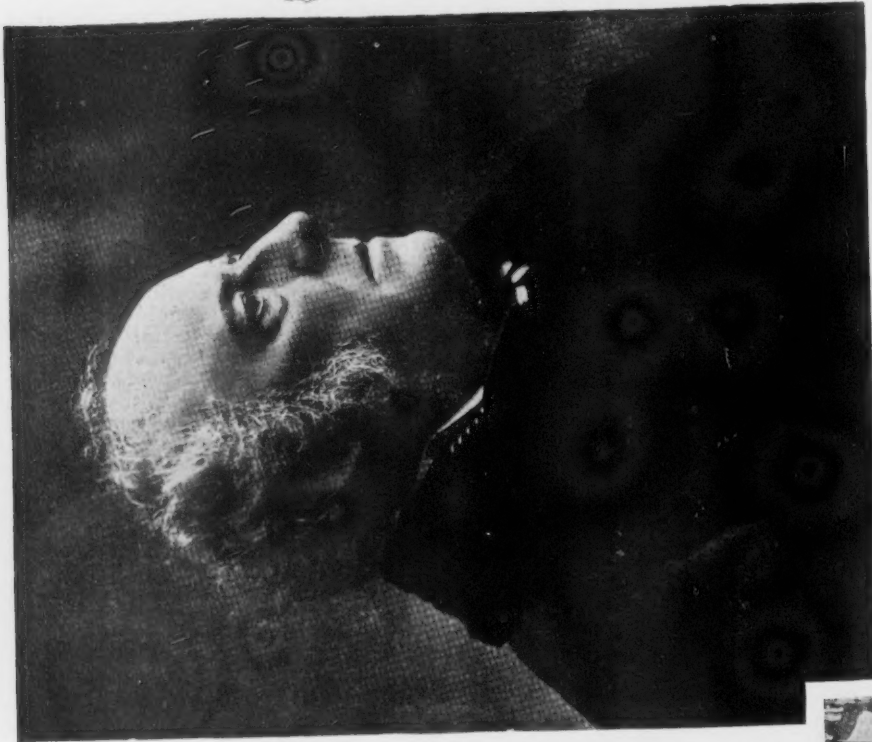
DR. SAGE—"Well—er, suppose you do not grease your saw for a week or two."



MY SECOND SERMON



THE ORDER OF RELEASE



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P. R. A., AND SOME OF HIS WORKS.



ISABELLA ONE OF MILLAIS' EARLIEST WORKS



MY FIRST SERMON



THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE



IN THE BALCONY.
(From Photo by Berlin Photo Co.)

MEN MANNER (AND MOOD)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

VII.

ALL through the three delightful weeks that I spent in Naples last January, I could not help wondering if a summer there might not be fraught with terrible disillusion. For though the mornings were cold with a still, raw, penetrant coldness, the afternoon sun would often burn ardently down upon the Chiaja, the Via di Roma and that magnificent silky lilac of the world's most beautiful bay. In the long, lonely park which they call the Villa Nazionale, and which verges upon these same sparkling waters, I found a little cafe, with marble floors and numberless huge arched windows, where I could sip, of an afternoon, good though perilously strong coffee, and hear the clatter of myriad horse-hoofs on the one short, fashionable, sea-fronting drive. And at this hour, while the sunset was beginning to mass its luxurious golds and purples off beyond deserted and historic Baia and still more distant Ischia—shadowed by the curse of her awful recent earthquake—men with olive faces and black, sultry eyes would come and offer me all kinds of pinchback coral jewelry. Smiles and frowns were equally impotent in preventing them from the complete exposition of their tawdry wares. But I used to ask myself if in summer, when all the English and Americans had departed, this same assertive commercial pertinacity would not change itself into that traditional laziness of the lazarone, and if I might not, in August or July, find these same avid salesmen drowsing under trees of the same park or in coigns of shadow beneath stuccoed walls, and living (or shall I say sleeping?) on two or three bunches of grapes a day.

I heard much of the Neapolitan grapes and other fruits, and often longed to have a taste of them at their appointed hour of ripening. And yet, I kept telling myself, what courage would it require to brave the torrid months when they are procurable! We of New York and London and Paris have our "heated terms," but how few of us really know the persistent, implacable heat of Southern Italy! And yet I found that all of the Neapolitan ladies and gentlemen do not by any means fly north in summer. The Apennines are so near them that they have villas embosomed amid enchanting heights and slopes, reached from Naples by journeys as brief as those from New York to Long Branch, from Brooklyn to Islip. A lady in Naples told me of her summer villa at Cava, and I afterward stopped there for luncheon during a long and adorable drive from Sorrento to Amalfi. Cava dei Tirreni is its full name, and nowhere could I discern a glimpse of that lapis-lazuli level which for leagues had been following me in my journey along this incomparable Mediterranean coast. It was a kind of refreshment to lose all sight of the sea for a little while, and to fancy how intense a green these low rolling hills would wear a few weeks later. Foreigners, I learned, are unwelcome at Cava. It is not merely Italian; it is jealously Neapolitan. But for the absence of ugly house and the frequency of picturesque ones, you might fancy yourself, during November, on some modest spur of the Catskills. I realized, as never before, that where mountains meet the sea, summer, even in semi-tropic lands, may find her most blazing savageries thwarted.

Still, I cannot bring myself to believe that a summer in this region would be endurable. That the whole shore, from Naples sheer down to the Taranto Gulf, must be paradisiac for the vision admits of no doubt. If so fascinating in winter, what spells of new witchery must the warmer months work upon it? Here, as it seems to me, where these precipitous highlands are forever challenging the immense tideless wealth of water at their bases, Nature has said to herself: "For once I will be both delicious and sublime." One stands on our Newport cliffs, and runs his eye along the tasteful dwellings that skirt them, along the unbroken green enameling of sward that almost overlaps them, and admires a happy comminglement of elegant culture and rough oceanic stress. But all this seems with tameness beside the riotous audacity of beauty which looms for miles at the very

margin of these Campanian sea limits. It is a splendid perpetual armistice between powers terrestrial and marine. In a storm, no doubt, the armistice at least transiently ceases; and then glorious indeed must be the billows, rearing their stentorian volumes against mammoth rocks.

One thing that forever perplexes me about the possibility of passing a comfortable summer in Naples, is the violent heat of its winter sun. If one feels like raising an umbrella on certain January afternoons when passing through the Piazza dei Martiri, what would be his sensations there while the dog-star raged? And yet how unspeakably beautiful must many a garden then look, whose orange trees and climbing roses and giant box and groves or alleys of polished ilexes make it so exquisite even now! At Posilipo, that enchanting suburb, there are villas on the very verge of the sea, set among environments that would bring charges of wanton romanticism against any realist who should attempt to describe them. One can almost hear the keel of the serenader's boat as it grates on moonlit sands, or the music of his guitar floating through laurels and cypresses over statued and fountained lawns. They tell me that none of the rich and titled Neapolitans who own these lovely abodes ever dream of passing a summer there. In Rome I had a glimpse of Madame Tablache, the singer whom New Yorkers know so well, and had also a few pleasant words with her. This lady spoke, almost with tears, of her own home in Posilipo, and asked me if I had seen it—the Villa Thalberg it is called—while I loitered along that fairy shoreland. I remember it, both because of the name at its graceful gateways and the glimmering lines of urn-clad terraces, like one of Boldini's daintiest mosaicque pictures. But Madame Lablache had rented this ideal place; she could no longer live there, she informed me, since the death of her dear husband.

One thinks of Posilipo as entrancing in summer, notwithstanding the heat. But to turn in the opposite direction of Santa Lucia, and imagine what summer must make of it, is to feel acute nauseous pangs. It seems a marvel that in the face of that azure purity which the peerless Bay forever reveals, this filthy domain should preserve its noisome uncleanness. The dregs of all Italy are in Santa Lucia. We seem to comprehend, as we follow it on and on toward Vesuvius, half the political mistakes and calamities of this captivating land. Greater cities than Naples may have their slums; but nowhere in all Christian civilization, you find yourself suspecting, is there laxer abandonment of domestic decency, worse exposure on public sidewalks of affairs thought both silly and odious to leave unscreened. Goats, pigs, men and women all appear to live in one repellent series of foul and reeking households. Our New York Ghetto, our Baxter and Bayard Streets, do not compare with this quarter for rank and brutish fetor. With the permanent distressing features of Naples added to it, what horrors must not summer create in this realm of soilure and disrepute? Donkeys are always braying here, hawks are always yelling their trumpety wares, beggars in loathsome rags are forever visible. They tell one that in Sicily the degradation is still more horrible; but while I drove through the Santa Lucia district of Naples I seemed to recognize the fathers, brothers, mothers and sisters of the sorriest Italian castaways whom we encounter in New York.

And yet so near is dreamy Capri, a mass of vapory amethyst, viewed from the very doorways of these dens and hovels! An hour or two in a clean and swift little steamboat, and you have gained this heavenly haven, near whose lordly cliffs and winsome coves fable has placed the Islands of the Syrens, past which Ulysses sailed, in terror of their white-limbed habitants, deadly yet divine. Slight wonder that tradition gave to Capri this proximity. It is an Island of the Syrens itself. But nowadays you are not lunched upon there; you lunch, instead, upon fairly good modern viands, washing down your *al fresco* meals with red and white wine got from the very arbors that overshadow you. Here, surely, I thought, summer would be one long salubrious luxury, for though sunshine glared and scorched, the grand circumference of sea could not bar from you its most unreluctant breeze; and afterward I learned that the inns and villas there swarmed with summer occupants. Oddly enough, I had

of late been reading, on the transatlantic steamer that brought me to Naples, one of Ouida's earlier and most extravagant stories—a romance called "Idalia," published fully thirty years ago, and replete with faults of exaggeration and over-coloring which the author of such noble work as "Ariadne," "Signa," "Folle Farine" and "In Maremma" must afterward have regretted. Idalia, the improbably beautiful, dauntless and enticing heroine, is rowed by her lover, Erceldoune, in one passionate chapter, under the low archway which leads into the Blue Grotto. Here ensues a blaze of prismatic description, and then the statement is coolly made that after having left the great cathedral walls and towering roof of the Grotto Azzuro, Idalia and her adorer floated along into other caverns with which this is connected and which are only less curious and fair. Now it is well known that in order to visit the other similar hollows below the cliffs of Capri, such as the White Grotto, somewhat beyond that bold cape of Tiberio on whose summit the ruins of the Emperor Tiberius's villa are still evident, and the Green Grotto, described as a cavern of richest emerald coloring, at the base of Monte Solaro, one must make separate voyages and separate entrances. I have often heard Ouida's detractors (and alas, their name is legion!) affirm her untrustworthy treatment of geographic and topographic matters. But I have never been called upon to observe from so purely personal a standpoint the carelessness of this brilliant writer. Still, other great writers long ago established for her an erratic precedent, notably Victor Hugo, whose blunders of a like sort have been blazoned abroad by his foes. And Ouida, when all has been said, is a great writer. The day is yet to come when her wheat will be winnowed, by serious and impartial criticism, from her chaff. Each is abundant, but the wheat far exceeds the chaff, as future generations will infallibly concede.

The lofty cliff on which Tiberius built his summer home must have been a trysting-place for all the most refreshing Mediterranean winds. It is to be hoped that this Emperor had not the terror of thunder and lightning which agitated the soul of his successor, Nero; for surely from the casements of his high-perched home at Capri (or Caprea, as it was then called) he must have viewed the most fearsome and fantastic electrical storms. Hundreds of years later the English poet, Shelley, saw one of these from his yacht, anchored near the very waters which were destined to drown him, and in a passage of that vigorous prose which compares so favorably with even the best of his poetry, he describes the Neapolitan heaven as lit by descending balls of fire, which dropped, splendid and deadly, into the ink-black waters all about him. Surely no Americans, however, who seek this coast as a summer residence should feel that they have sought new dangers from the lightning's wayward rapiers and dirks; for except, I imagine, in regions which closely border the equator, no assassinating freaks of tempest born electricity are more frequent than among our own vast western lands.

Sorrento and Castellammare are always haunted rather thickly by Americans in summer. They are surely good judges of what criminal uprisings the thermometer may be guilty. As for Sorrento itself, I cannot fancy that even an African sirocco would have the impudence to make it unendurable. Equal is the delight either to gaze upward at its sheer palisades or to stare downward at the royal view which they command, with Vesuvius smoking in the distance, and myriads of variant tints in cloud or wave to reward the earnest and patient watcher as morning grows into noon, as noon matures into starlight. Here, says tradition, high over the iridescent sea, once stood Madame Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset, both young, both deeply in love, both intoxicated by the beauty of their environment. "Now," the great French poet is reported to have said, "our happiness is perfect. Let us leap downward, hand in hand, for life has no sweeter gifts to bestow upon us!" But they did not leap downward. De Musset lived a few years longer, to drink himself to death with absinthe, and Georges Sand became an old woman, with a past phenomenally lurid and romantic. Meanwhile Sorrento, indifferent to the fate of either, basks among her lemon groves and her palms.



DANDELION DOWN.

BY CURTIS MAY.

You blossom-clouds that blow across the meadows
And make a firmament for grass and sedge,
Yet never reddening with the eastward shadows,
Nor golden on the daisies at the edge!
Dim with your floating film the sun's clear shining
When the moon pauses midway in the sky!
Hang dream-like on the poppy low declining,
And, like a lid, droop o'er the violet's eye!

Or, are you spirits of the flowers, uplifted
With larger freedom than at first you knew,
Flown back to your old haunts or gently drifted
To the same spot where, rooted deep, you grew?
See! round your empty stems new joy has being;
Where once you faded fresher beauty springs.
Like angels' eyes, you watch without their seeing
And fold life's seed within your downy wings.

A WAVE FROM ERIE.

(September 10, 1893.)

BY JOHN A. CONWELL.

"HALT! Who goes there?" the sentinel demands;
His musket clicks, alert he stands.

"A friend."
"Advance and give the countersign."
"I cannot. Still, I have no ill design."
"Ho! corporal of the guard!" An answering shout,
"Ay, ay!" came from the darkness round about.
An instant more, and from the neighbor's wood
The corporal came and in their presence stood.
"Where shall I find the chieftain who commands?"
"Beside yon blazing heap of logs he stands."
"A tall, thin man in homespun dressed I see."
"The tall, thin man in homespun dressed is he."

"From Perry, did you say? Good news from him
Will put each man of us in better trim,"
Said Harrison, "and make us feel that we
Must emulate these warriors of the sea."
Then read he o'er the message that was sent
(His features lighted up, his brows unbent,
Like gleams of sunshine on a day of showers)—
"We've met the enemy and they are ours."
"No better news could you have brought to-night,
Sit down, my friend, and tell us of the fight."

The fragrant pine was heaped upon the fire,
The crackling flames leaped higher still and higher,
And sent their flashings through the ambient shade
Like cap'ring wood-nymphs in a sylvan glade.
Then seated on a giant bole that prone
Lay on the ground, by some past storm o'erthrown,
The man began his story of the day
When Perry fought and won at Put-in-Bay.

"Far in the west where sky and waters meet
Were seen the topmasts of the British fleet;
And next their hulls hove slowly into sight,
Like monsters grim of surly mien and might.
Then quickly shot aloft a pennant blue,
And from the masthead of the 'Lawrence' flew,
That bore the motto, 'Don't give up the ship.'
Commands were sharply passed from lip to lip,
'Upheave the anchors! Clear the decks! And run
Through every port a double-shotted gun!
Drums beat to quarters, and the decks were cleared
For action as the stately vessels neared.
Advancing now, as if instinct with life,
The ships maneuver for the coming strife.
Far overhead white clouds are drifting slow,
Their counterparts across the blue below:
From every prow the billows fall and break
And mark in wide, divergent lines the wake.
Like groups of statues carved from oaken wood,
Stripped to the waist, the stalwart gunners stood.
No sound is heard, save now and then the shock
Of stubborn wave or creaking of a block.
Columbia's starry flag floats overhead,
While yonder flaunts St. George's banner red.
The gallant Perry treads the quarter-deck
And waits the battle-storm with little reck.
He gives the signal; then, with sullen roar,
His cannon echo from the furthest shore.
And Barclay answers, gun for gun, and more,
Flames leap on every side from wooden walls,
And hot the air with hurtling cannon-balls:
Taut lines are cut, the bellying sails are rent,
The staunchest bulwarks, all around, are bent
And crushed and into wicked fragments riven,
As if assailed by all the bolts of heaven.

The 'Lawrence' now, with toppling masts and spurs,
Appears a coffin for her dauntless tars.
While through the lurid blast of iron hail
Her consort seems to wear a coat of mail.
The shattered flagship scarce can keep afloat,
When Perry leaves her in an open boat,
All heedless of the fateful risk he runs.
The standing target of a hundred guns.
With stanch 'Niagara's' deck beneath his feet,
Our chief again assails the British fleet.
Fresh flash the flames from scores of Yankee guns
And carry death to scores of Britain's sons;
Brave men as ever fought above a keel
Are they, and foemen worthy of our steel.
Again, and yet again, to Barclay's call
They rally, man their smoking guns and fall.
Can mortal man withstand the fierce attack
Of Perry and the heroes at his back?
No, St. George's crimson cross, at last,
Glides slowly, sadly from the towering mast;
The smoke of battle quickly drifts away,
And silence broods again o'er Put-in-Bay."

"Well told," said Harrison, and then, with eyes
Lit with the fire of victory, he cries,
"Three cheers for Perry and his gallant men!"
And wild acclaim rang loud adown the glen.

CONCERNING DOGS.

COLONEL WARING has certainly had his share of dogmatic denouncement, and, when accused of some particularly flagrant doing, might often have asked: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But he has, at least, the courage of his convictions, and invites the friendship which comes from making the kind of enemies which are to his credit.

It was brave, and we think beneficent, to announce, just about the time the dog was in the ascendant at the Madison Square Garden, that the city is no place for superabundant canines; and that, if they are to be kept in town, they shall not have gold porringers and the freedom of the city. As it has been for an indeterminable period there seems to have been little law or regulation of a municipal sort concerning dogs in this neighborhood. With the exception of certain details as to muzzling at stated times, dogs of all sorts have practically had a great immunity for their perambulations. Not infrequently a mad one, sowing more reasonable terror broadcast than would a rampant Texas steer, has stirred up a whole precinct with the sight of pursuing policemen and fleeing pedestrians.

It is a wonder that the scene is not rarer, although it ought not to be possible once a generation. A vagrant, unchaperoned dog is sure to keep to the sidewalk—particularly if he is of the size one does not like to meet, or if his disposition is cynical and aggressive. It will be a real relief to have his liberty, even when held in leash by his master or attendant, restrained—though perhaps we should have said curtailed. The dogs which are "lappies," or small and unferocious, are also a nuisance from being things that are in the way, and which subserve no real want. Their daily cruel propensities, to say nothing of their nightly bark, and their promotion of unhygienic conditions, should make them not only fewer but subservient to stricter rules.

One can understand why dogs may be wanted to a moderate extent, if they are well bred and are of a useful character; but they are least needed and out of place in towns. Almost every community is overstocked with dogs, though; and they are mostly of the worse kind. Ten on the corner of a provincial city street have met the eye of the present writer, who has gone sometimes a block or two out of his way to avoid too close propinquity to one—the vicious and belligerent one who sometimes claims suzerainty over the street and its vicinage.

The positively ugly dog, in fact, makes no small number in the canine census; but he has no more right to live in domesticity than has his cousin the wolf, or the tiger. His power to do so comes from thoughtless civil toleration, and the absolute and queer complacency of his owner, who accepts the frequent biting of the honest wayfarer and fellow-citizen with utterly resigned, if not amused, satisfaction. In the country, dogs, not necessarily hostile to the human race, do immense harm to that one of the pastoral industries most tenderly connected with patriarchal and Scriptural story. It is not too much to say that wool-raising and the

sheep product are rendered almost impossible in portions of every State, and difficult everywhere, owing to the multiplicity of worthless dogs.

How curious it is, too, that whether in city or country, if a man is very rich, or deplorably poor, he must have a considerable number of dogs. We cannot fathom the connection, to be sure, between these extremes of condition and dogs, yet it seems in nine cases out of ten to exist. We merely record the fact, and leave to a subtler philosophy than we are possessed of the determination of the reason for it.

Visitors to Constantinople always make one feature of their accounts of that city a sketch of the dogs which are so numerous there. They are said to dominate the town; and they are even divided into gangs or clans, which possess definite limits wherein one of a neighboring clan may not tarry or hunt for a bone. But all this, intolerably unbearable as it is, has grown out of a Mohammedan or folk superstition, which causes the people to believe that dogs are their mascots, or that they have the power to come back from their spirit-land and torment them and make one's life-plans miscarry if he troubles or molests them.

But let us be thankful that Colonel Waring is not a Mohammedan, and can defy the dog-star. If his honest and sturdy reform succeeds here, there is hardly a county in the United States which will not wish to have some one of its citizens arise and emulate his worthy civic and anti-canine example.

MR. LABOUCHERE ON DECORATIONS.

Mr. Labouchere's views on the pomp and circumstance of royalty are well known, and the following paragraph from *London Truth* will not cause any surprise. It is worth reading, however, as an indication of the aspect these things present to Radical eyes. He says:

"It will soon come to be said of the Royal Victorian Order, as Mark Twain observed of a French decoration, 'Few, indeed, escape it.' Considering the number of Orders which already existed, each with its various classes, it seemed that the Queen's opportunities for decorating meritorious persons were already abundant. The Royal Victorian Order, however, has been given away during the last few months with a profusion so lavish that there will surely be a rise in the price of ribbon before long. Ten French officials were decorated when the Queen left Nice, and there have been almost daily creations ever since, ending with Li Hung Chang. The Queen was advised to give him the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, but her Majesty insisted on bestowing her new Order upon the Chinese statesman, who will probably not be flattered when he learns that he shares that decoration with a number of railway officials and household servants. During the Queen's last visit to the Continent the Order was given to persons who, under ordinary circumstances, would have received presents of either plate or jewelry, so it is a novelty which has the merit of economy."

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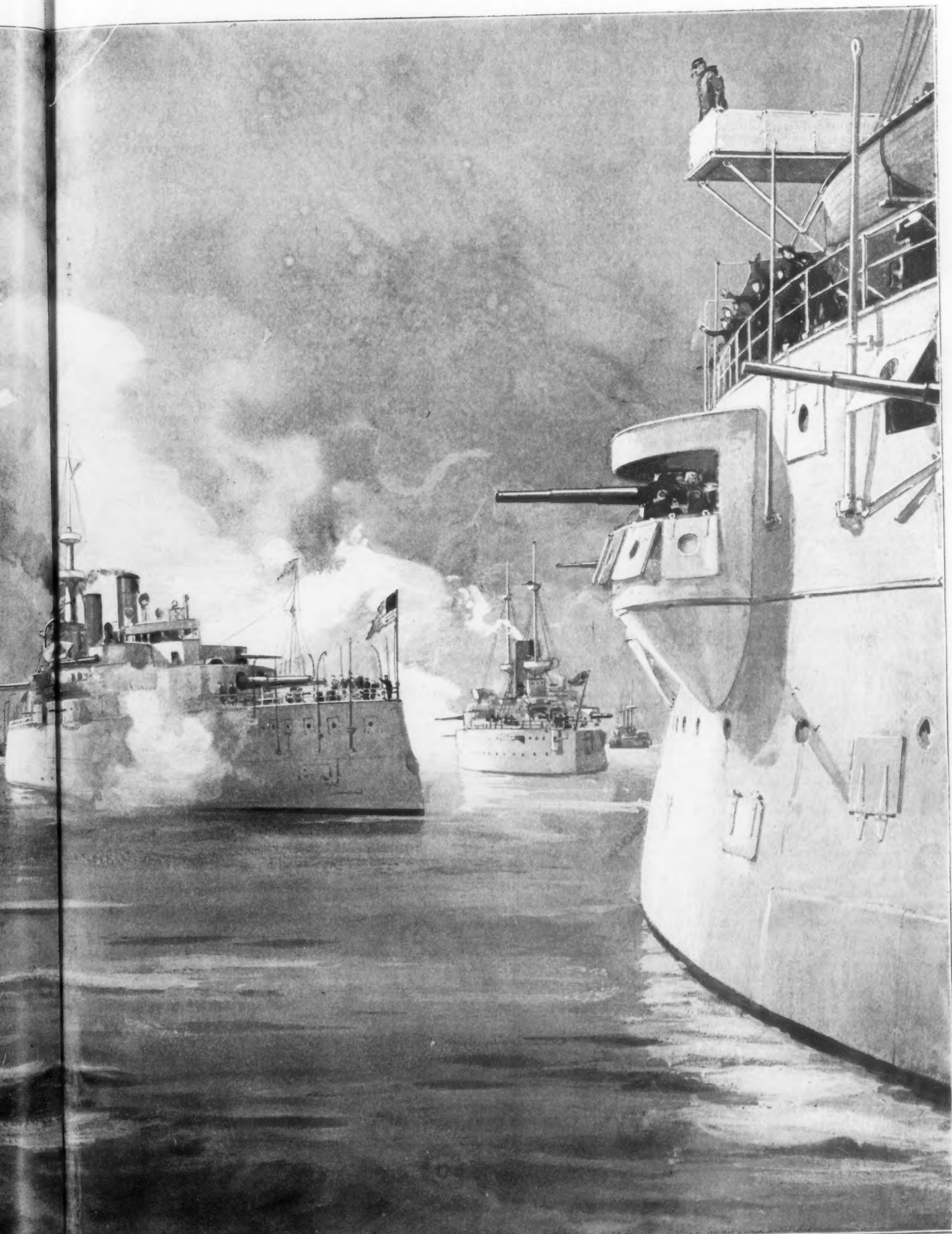
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ST. LOUIS.

EXCURSION STEAMER MOHAWK. MASSACHUSETTS.

ARRIVAL OF LI HUNG CHANG ON THE "ST. LOUIS"



INDIANA.

TEXAS.

MAINE.

NEW YORK, FLAGSHIP.

"ST. LOUIS," AND SALUTE BY THE WHITE SQUADRON.

WESTERN MEN OF MARK.

BY WILLIS S. THOMPSON.

SAM MACDONALD, as he is familiarly called by his acquaintances and friends, is among the mining millionaires of Colorado, and it has been all accumulated by an investment of plenty of Western perseverance and energy. He never had any cash to invest and deserves all he has. His fortune came from the Belden Mine, away over in Eagle County on the western slope of the Rockies. His fortune came after several men of means had gone into bankruptcy trying to make the same mine pay. The Belden has a most interesting history, the last chapter being the story of the good luck of MacDonald. The mine was located about twenty years ago when there was little heard of mining in Eagle County. Numerous persons have owned it and spent thousands of dollars sinking the shaft in the hope of striking the precious ore body, but, up to 1891 or 1892, none had succeeded and many had abandoned the prospect disgusted and "busted." It was in 1890 that MacDonald began working the property. At that time he had a partner, MacDonald having secured an option at a swell figure, and sacrificing a half-interest to another man who put up the cash to pay the full purchase price. The partner furnished the cash necessary to keep the mine working, MacDonald furnishing his knowledge of mining and services in superintending. After he had been working for a year, his partner grew weary of putting up and notified MacDonald he must quit. At this point, MacDonald being very hopeful of soon shipping ore, went to an acquaintance who was willing to take the mine as security, backed by the word of MacDonald, and advanced as a loan two thousand dollars to buy a half-interest. Then MacDonald owned the entire property, a mortgage of two thousand dollars hanging over it. Inside of two months the ore body had been uncovered and in less than another month the two thousand dollars had been repaid, and during the silver panic of 1893, when so many miners were thrown out of work, MacDonald extended his operations so as to allow for the employment of three hundred men. Later, during the Populist craze, MacDonald was nominated by the Republicans for a seat in the Legislature, and the men who had been taken care of by him when they needed a friend most voted against him to a man. Outside of politics they would have laid down their lives for him, so highly did they esteem him personally. But this is merely thrown in to illustrate the intense feeling which existed in Colorado against the two political parties who were held responsible for the turning down of silver.

Early in 1894 MacDonald disposed of a little less than a half-interest in the Belden to Eastern parties. It was only a short time before that he had bought a full half for two thousand dollars. When he sold he got six hundred thousand dollars. He still owns just enough more than half to give him a control. He is growing richer every day. He has been married twice, his first wife being divorced. He has not a stingy particle in his whole being, and no man ever enjoyed more thoroughly spending money. He does not squander it, but enjoys entertaining his friends. He is genial and whole-souled. Whenever he comes to Denver or goes to Eastern cities where he is known, not an evening passes without a big champagne dinner. His fad is diamonds. He is never seen with less than ten thousand dollars' worth of the sparklers on his person. The stones are numerous and are real beauties.

A. E. Reynolds has lived in Denver ten years, during which time he has been at the head of numerous mining enterprises of the first magnitude, and has distributed millions of dollars; and yet, outside of his immediate business associates and others with whom he may have business transactions, there are not a dozen people in Denver who know that the unostentatious little old man who divides his time between his office, his mines, the banks and the machinery warehouses is a multi-millionaire, and one of the boldest and most intelligent mining operators in the world.

And it all came from a few barrels of whisky, some poor cigars and a small stock of groceries.

Thirty or thirty-five years ago Reynolds kept a small grocery store on the banks of the Arkansas River, near a ford over which the Mexican trading outfits were compelled to pass.

Groceries were of small moment in those days, when the large wagon trains were in great part loaded with groceries. But whisky was whisky, the Arkansas River was convenient, and alcohol and burned sugar were cheap. When in 1868 he appeared at the Fort Reynolds military reservation as a rival of Colonel Craig, then post trader, there was some surprise, as such a thing as two post traders at a military post was something unheard of in the records of the army. There was less surprise a year or two later, when Craig recognized the inevitable and sold out to his rival. People had come to know and understand this young man, with quiet, unobtrusive manners, with a head to plan and a will like iron in execution. Then there was another trading post secured, at Camp Supply in the Indian Territory; then still another at Fort Sill, then a big forwarding house with Eastern connections, a big herd of cattle, a succession of fat Government beef contracts, and twenty years ago A. E. Reynolds was recognized in the locality where he did business as a rising man.

But with the coming of the railroads the opportunities became less frequent, and though his commercial and live stock transactions were still large, Reynolds commenced to turn his attention toward the then little understood business of mining. The same shrewdness that distinguished his career on the plains marked his transactions in the mountains. Without pretending to know anything about mining, he has seldom made a mistake in the purchase of mining property, and there is no detail of the business end that he does not thoroughly understand. Upon his first adventures the few experiments made upon his credulity satisfied the sharpers making the attempts that, though he knew very little about mining, he knew how to hold to his money until he had secured an equivalent, and that when they really had something good there was no man more ready to take hold of it than A. E. Reynolds. The result, therefore, has been a period of uninterrupted success. Everything that he has touched for the past ten years has turned to gold. In small matters he has the reputation of being niggardly. In transactions of magnitude his liberality is that of a prince. As his associates say of him, "He saves his pennies so that he can throw away millions." But he doesn't throw them away.

As an instance of the boldness of his business methods, the Virginus Mine in Ouray is to be connected with the Hector Mine of Telluride by the Revenue Tunnel. As the two properties are separated by a mountain range, and are at least eight miles apart in an air line, the magnitude of the undertaking can be understood. But the Virginus Mine is a wonderfully low-grade property, contesting the claim of being the greatest mine in the world with the Little Johnny of Leadville, and Mr. Reynolds reasoned that a mountain which has upon one side such great mines as the Tom Boy and on the other the Virginus, must have something lying between worthy of investigation, and the Revenue Tunnel was the result. It is now eight thousand feet into the mountains, is being driven from both ends at the rate of twenty feet a day, and at an expense of not less than one hundred dollars a foot. Four millions will be locked up in the enterprise before it will realize a cent to its projectors. The idea has been for a long time a subject of study, but not a pick was struck nor a word said until both ends of the proposed route had been secured. In the Hector at Telluride another great mine has been developed, and when the tunnel is completed, with a rich mine at each end, Mr. Reynolds will practically control the transportation of the entire output of the vast deposit of rich ore known to exist in the mountain. His great outlay will be returned to him in a single year.

THE USUAL THING.

Can any student of sociology explain why it is that in Presidential years the snake story and the fish story take on such uncommon virulence? Is it because the reporters thereof are a-weary of political roborachs, or that they are roused to a wild and vain emulation? Whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable. And as the campaign of this year of grace threatens to have a wild and woolly tinge, so, too, the snake and fish stories are of the most startling brand. Witness the fish story coming up from Staten

Island, of a sturgeon thirteen foot long, so inspired with ichthyologic altruism it did not wait to be hooked, or seined, or snared, but leaped spang aboard a pilot boat and became meat for man. True, like some other altruists, it raised a mighty pother among its would-be beneficiaries. Such was the force of benevolent impact a large segment of cabin-side was stove in. There were shouts and cries, and threats of leaping overboard from those bewildered mariner-men, who had not yet got it through their heads that philanthropy had reached deep-sea levels. But in the end, they rallied nobly, seized upon his sturgeonsip, slew him and proudly exhibited him in sections to the admiring eyes of Staten Islanders, along with affidavits from all the crew, that he had been thirteen feet long—neither more nor less. Thirteen feet, mark you—only thirteen—when they might as easily have made it twenty, thirty, two score. No doubt, like Warren Hastings, those mariner-men are by this time "amazed at their own moderation." Not without reason, either, since they have been met with a widely smiling incredulity sufficiently irritating to men who must feel that they have sacrificed to bald fact a magnificent opportunity. Altogether they cannot be in a thoroughly happy frame of mind. As to frame of body that is another matter. "Albany beef," as the irreverent were wont to denominate good sturgeon meat, is toothsome to the palate of mariner-men. And, anyway, they have filled some space in the public eye; so with sauce of notoriety this particular batch of the beef must go very well indeed.

The snake story, as a story, is way off the fish story's mark. All the same it is a fairish recital—considering that it comes from the rural precincts wherein there is no guile. At least, that is the popular belief—or was, before the wheel brought its sophistication to innocent agriculturists. It may turn out, indeed, that the wheel, after a while, will develop a story of its own to put fish and snake fiction clean out of court. Certain lively indications already point that way. But to return to the snake story; it has to do with a wheelman. He rode the famous path along the Delaware River, which runs from Port Jervis, up Delaware Water-Gap way. He had a companion, also a wheelman; and as the two went scorching along they came upon a snake—a rattlesnake, all of four foot long—though deponent saith not as to the number of rattles and buttons. The reptile was out for business, and evidently loaded for bear. He took a position of strategic importance square in the middle of the path, erected his head, set his rattles beating defiance—in snake language bade those wheelmen "Come on."

They went on—after consultation. Remembering the wise saying, "He that fights and runs away, May live to fight another day," they charged that rattler at the best speed of which they were capable. If they thought to bruise his head, and leave him a flattened ghost of a reptile, they had reckoned without their snake. He was all there, ready and waiting for them. If they could scorch, he could spring. Spring he did, and in the effort to strike a foot, fastened his fangs in a rubber tire, and found himself a prisoner. It was an easy thing then for the riders to dismount and slay him. Of course they ought, in poetic justice, to have flayed him, and used his skin for a new tire; but, like the mariner-men, they did not rise to their opportunity. Upon the contrary, they merely flung him by the roadside as a warning to other rattlers, repaired damages with plain rubber and cement, and wheeled on, to let a waiting world know that though invention may flag, the art of entertaining fiction is always gaining new recruits.

HIS SIGNS OF PROMISE.

Young Hopeful—"After reading my manuscript, don't you think I might succeed as a humorist?"

Editor—"Well, there's a chance for you, perhaps, as a practical joker."—Puck.

MORE BEER.

Mrs. McGinnis—"So your husband is Aldherman of this ward now?"

Mrs. Grogan—"He is that!—and it's a bigger bucket we'll be sinding wid our nickel now."

GLIMPSES AFIELD.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

WIDELY differing as to the scenery and circumstances of their lives, there was yet a resemblance, formed by their brilliancy, their wit, their independence and their patriotism between the two distinctively American women who have passed into the other life since spring's dawning and summer's dying—Kate Field and Gail Hamilton.

Mary Abigail Dodge was a most unique and interesting character. She was born in Hamilton, Mass., not far from the homes of Emerson, Thoreau and Alcott, in 1830. Her life as a girl was much like that of any young woman born on a sterile New England farm, and possessing large ambitions and small means. At ten years of age she was placed in the private school of Dr. Clark of Cambridge, finding a boarding place with her aunt. She managed to attend Ipswich Academy, from which she graduated at twenty. In 1851 she became assistant in the High School at Hartford, where with characteristic stubbornness and scorn of consequences she refused to take the customary examination, and was allowed to go on with her work without this usual preliminary. She remained several years as instructor in Physical Science in this school. She resigned her position at Hartford to become a governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, at Washington. This was before the war, and through all the Southern borders no man was more heartily hated and cordially feared than Dr. Bailey, who was a staunch and fearless Abolitionist, and whose paper, the *National Era*, was avowedly devoted to the overthrow of slavery. Miss Dodge's teaching had never been more than a means to an end. From her childhood she had ever intended to finally make literature her real life-work. It was inevitable that a young woman of ardent temperament, justice-loving heart and clear brain, and with the writer's fever in her veins, should find in that Washington atmosphere and environment both her inspiration and opportunity.

Dr. Bailey's paper contained many telling articles from the trenchant pen of his governess.

In 1865 Miss Dodge became the editor of *Our Young Folks*, a magazine for youth published in Boston.

She was a relative of Mrs. James G. Blaine's, and this relationship and the quality of her writings led to her being engaged by Mr. Blaine as his private secretary. From 1870 to something over a year ago she lived in the Blaine family, in Washington. She went abroad with Mr. Blaine on his trip before the Republican National Convention in 1886. She was not only the statesman's assistant, but his warm personal friend who became his literary executor and authorized biographer.

From the name of her birthplace and the last syllable of her own Christian name Miss Dodge formed her nom-de-plume—a nom-de-plume which in connection with the virility and aggressiveness of her articles caused many to believe the writer a man.

It is probable that no writer, with the possible exception of Fanny Fern, who wrote less voluminously, and died at an earlier age, ever held so many readers in fascinated thrall by sketches without plot, and devoid of story or romantic accessories. Indeed, it is a noticeable fact that the only volume by Gail Hamilton which was a comparative failure was the single one wherein she told a real story with a real plot, "First Love is Best."

Reading her is like watching an electric fountain. One expects to see flashing glory follow flashing glory, but the radiance and the splendor always exceed his preconceived ideas of that which is to be revealed. One who has to some extent read Gail Hamilton expects on taking up one of her books something brilliant. He finds something more than brilliant; something fire-hearted, glowing, meteor-surfaced, palpitating with force and flame. Sometimes the glow lowers to the shade of amethyst, and thoughts as tender as a young daybreak, as yearning as half-spent waves, gem her page.

Her love for and appreciation of children are shown in "Nursery Noons," "Little Folk Life," "Child World," and her editorial work in *Our Young Folks*. "Country Living and Country Thinking" is perhaps her most widely read and most popular production. "Twelve Miles From a Lemon" equals its title in oddity, and has the agreeably keen flavor of the fruit from which it takes its name. Her other books are: "New Atmospheres, and Stumbling Blocks," "Sketches and Sketches," "Red Letter Days in Applethorpe, and Summer Rest," "Wood Gathering," "Woman's Wrongs, a Counter Irritant," "Battle of the Books," "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Little Folk Life," "Child World," "Nursery Noons," "Sermons for the Clergy," "First Love is Best," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Our Common School System," "Divine Guidance," "Memorial to Allen W. Dodge," and "In-suppressible Book."

In 1877 she published a series of strong, practical, brilliant articles in the *New York Tribune* on Civil Service reform. Many of her letters on a wide range of subjects appeared in the *Boston Journal*, and were extensively copied. As a magazine writer and newspaper contributor she was indefatigable. Her books are largely made up of her collected sketches. It is said that her health, already impaired before beginning the Blaine biography, gave way before her devotion to that work. The last chapter was written just after Mr. Blaine's death, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who was a long-time friend of Mrs. Blaine and Miss Dodge. The last years of Miss Dodge's life were given up for the most part to the writing of political articles. Her literary work during the past year has been done by the help of an amanuensis, and has been fragmentary. One of her later articles, "The Holy War," was called out by the Venezuelan incident. It appeared in the *Boston Journal*. This article forms one of a collection brought together and published under the general title, "X Rays." The leading paper in the volume is upon the close connection between the material and spiritual world, and is the outcome of the writer's experience when, after an attack last year at Washington, she lay apparently dead. In the preface of this book she says with customary frankness: "I have not offered this book to the publishers because it is too slight a handling

of too great a theme to lay claim to literature, and I do not want it pushed by advertising. I have published it myself because I have found that there is much interest in the topic, especially on the part of those who mourn their dead."

"The great joy of my own experience I desire to share as widely as possible, and because it is experience I am not without hope that it may attract the attention of science, and help in solving the problem of life."

Miss Dodge then goes on to speak of various experiences of others which had come under her observation. After a break she continues:

"So far had I written when it befell me to be tented in that valley of shadows. My experience there I am sure you neighbors and friends will be glad to learn, chiefly because it was experience—a little also, perhaps, because it was mine."

"It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell that I have always thought of it as evening."

"I was standing by a lounge in my room, when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling."

"To myself it seemed, and it seems still, as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely free from it, but floating about receiving impressions with great readiness but not with entire accuracy as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations."

"Much of my experience is perhaps trivial, and possibly insignificant, but it does show that not only the mind but the habit of mind in life outlasts the shadow of death, and gives to life its supreme importance."

"You, if there be any such, who through fear of death have been all your life subject to bondage, be of good cheer. For seven weeks I lay encamped on the further, if not the furthest, side of the valley of the shadow of death, and it was a pleasant valley."

Miss Dodge was one of the kindest as well as the ablest of women. Her masculine strength was equaled by her feminine tenderness. She voluntarily took upon herself the care and education of others, and bore all burdens with uncomplaining lips and uplifted soul. She struck hard blows, but never took an unfair or mean advantage. Fair field and no favor was essentially her motto. Always an admirable advocate, skilled in the use of language, logical and shrewd in argument, sarcastic to an unrivaled degree, she was an antagonist not to be easily withstood. She was a loving woman whose asperities were reserved for the public press and debate. Loyalty, absolute and never-failing, to friends, principles and ideals was the foundation on which she built her large success.

Among the exquisite sallies of wit and satire found among her earlier writings is the following:

"I do, therefore, with Spartan firmness, depose and say that I am a woman. I am aware that I place myself at signal disadvantage by the avowal. I fly in the face of hereditary prejudice. I am thrust at once beyond the pale of masculine sympathy. Men will neither credit my success nor lament my failure, because they will consider me poaching on their manor. A very agony of self-abasement will be no armor against the poisoned shafts which assumed superiority will hurl against me. Yet I press the arrow to my bleeding heart, and calmly reiterate I am a woman."

Among her noblest utterances are the following, rendered doubly impressive by her withdrawal from earthly sight:

"God forbid that any of us should, standing as we soon shall stand, on the outer shore of the world, and looking back over the land which was before us, a land of golden promise, see it lying behind us a land of bitterness and desolation—or hear ringing in our ears a voice whose tones would find its echo in our own hearts: 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.'"

Miss Dodge is described as having been of medium height, with an earnest, intellectual face framed by snow-white hair, and lighted up by dark-blue eyes with a keen, penetrating glance.

Within twenty-four hours of the death of Gail Hamilton came the announcement that Professor F. Nicholas Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," had passed through the silent gate. It gives one the feeling of gratification that the aged singer should have "fallen upon sleep" in Portland, Me., for it was only last year that he was heard to say: "Of all places in the world I love Portland the best." The friends who entertained him in the "Forest City," and at whose home he passed away, were the Thomases who for years have shown the loyalty and the Christian loveliness of character for which they are justly famed by treating the feeble and poverty-stricken man with all the respect and attention which in his years of wealth and affluence he commanded from the multitude, but which largely fell away with his belongings. For several weeks before his death he had been under the kindly care of the young-hearted, tender-souled Miss Charlotte Thomas, whose favor is too royal a thing to be purchased by outward trappings.

Professor Crouch was born in England, July 31, 1808. His family had been noted for generations in the musical and literary world. At an early age he gave evidence of rare musical genius. After studying in London he was admitted, on account of his talent and merit, to the Royal Academy of Music, London, then just established under the patronage of George IV. Young Crouch was in frequent attendance at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. On the death of George IV, the senior students of the Academy attended, by royal command, the coronation of King William IV, and Queen Adelaide. Crouch was appointed a member of the Queen's private band, and remained a member till the organization was disbanded. He then became principal violinist at the Drury Lane Theater, and while there wrote the first of his ballads, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Anne Tree, and the Swiss song, "Meeting," for the famous Madame Malibran.

Discouraged by the meager returns of music, he entered the service of the rolling mill firm of Chapman & Co. in Kent. While traveling for his firm he wandered into a concert-room in Plymouth, Devonshire, where his fine voice at once attracted attention, and his

name becoming known to some of the naval and military officers of the place, he was for some time detained by them at Plymouth. He soon afterward abandoned mercantile life, for which he had no taste or fitness, and through his new friends in Plymouth became established as professor of music in that place.

It was in Devonshire on the banks of the Tamar that he wrote "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the greater part of his Irish work, "Echoes of the Lake."

The words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" he sold to a London publisher for twenty-five dollars. After it was published as a poem it was sent to him from London by Mrs. Crawford, and as he was thinking of it the air which, in connection with the words, has enchanted millions floated into his mind, and so fascinated him that he immediately sang the song to it before a large audience in the assembly-room in Plymouth. It immediately touched a responsive chord, and the fame of the composer was assured. The large financial returns from the song all went to the publishers.

Shortly after the advent of "Kathleen Mavourneen" its author was summoned to London to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria. While in the metropolis the firm of D'Almaine & Co. offered him the position of supervisor of their establishment, and contracted to buy all his compositions for seven years. During this period of London life he became one of the charmed circle which included Douglas Jerrold, Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Thomas Bayley and Alaric A. Watson.

While with D'Almaine & Co. a large number of his song collections were published and scattered all over the island.

He next tried his skill in opera, and for nine years was connected with the Musical Biji Theater.

He never composed a line which lacked melody, but in "Kathleen Mavourneen" he struck the highest note in his gamut, and none of his subsequent compositions equaled the song whose production was nothing less than a national event.

The year 1859 found the composer in America, where he had come to find the material upon which to build a national work to be called "Life in the West." When the Civil War broke out he voluntarily exchanged his four thousand dollars a year salary for twelve dollars a month and the privilege of following Lee as a common soldier till that general's surrender at Appomattox Court House. He returned to his home in Norfolk to find all his valuable manuscripts in ashes. These were the accumulations of years, embracing poems, plays, fifty lectures on the history of music, and four huge volumes ready for the press.

The man who had been bidden before kings and entreated by princes, whose song was one of the immortal masterpieces, who had consorted with the utmost regality of genius, now accepted the position of gardener in Richmond, Va., in order that actual want might be kept at bay. At seventy-five he went to Baltimore, where he had since continued to reside, bereft of all but the indomitable will which refused to be broken on the wheel of circumstances. Here he taught music for a while, but his age was great and his vitality small, and the work had to be abandoned. During the latest years of his life he had lived almost entirely upon the proceeds of the sale of autograph copies of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dermot Asthore."

It is now authoritatively stated that unless a wish to be brought to America is expressed in Kate Field's will, which has not yet been found, that she will rest in the flower-bedecked grave of that land of loveliness where death found her. So much kindness was shown by the dwellers in Hawaii during her illness, so much sorrow expressed at her death, so much care exhibited in her burial, that it is impossible for her friends to feel that she rests among strangers.

THE CARE OF FORESTS.

"If the stability of a nation is measured by the amount of care bestowed upon forests," says *Nature*, "the power of Germany is not likely to decline. Mr. G. A. Daubeny contributes to *Nature Notes* a chatty account of forestry in Germany, where more than twenty-five per cent of the land is covered with trees. In Prussia, twenty-three per cent is forest; but in England the proportion of forest land is small—only four per cent. There is quite an army of foresters in Germany—about twelve thousand in all—and, as is well known, these officials receive a thorough training in all the branches of their subject. Mr. Daubeny ascribes the decayed power of Syria, of Greece, and of Spain to the neglect of their forests, and urges the afforestation of land as a means of developing national resources. "Den Wald zu pflegen, bringt allen Segen," says a German proverb; and even if the care of forests does not bring every good, it adds considerably to the wealth of a nation."



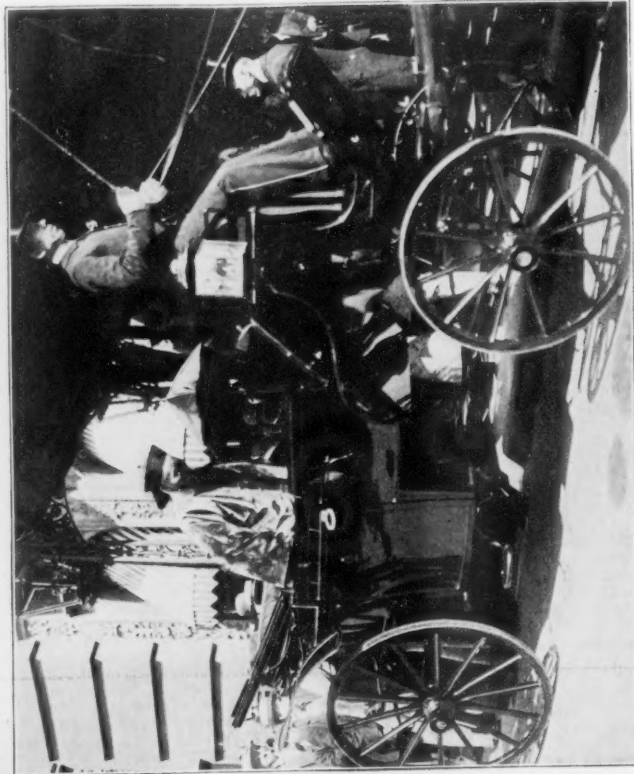
PUTTING IT CORRECTLY.

A.—"Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your brother-man."

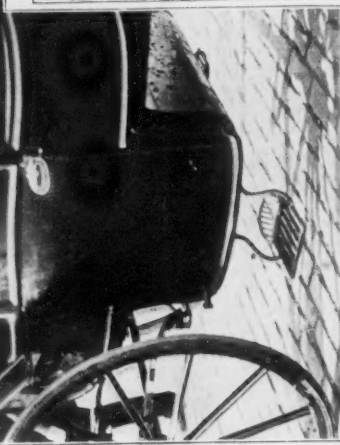
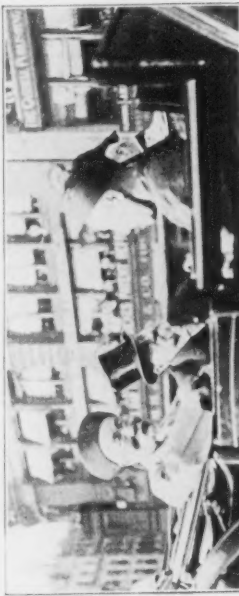
B.—"Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother-man divide with you."



LI AND MR. OLNEY ENTERING THE WHITNEY HOUSE



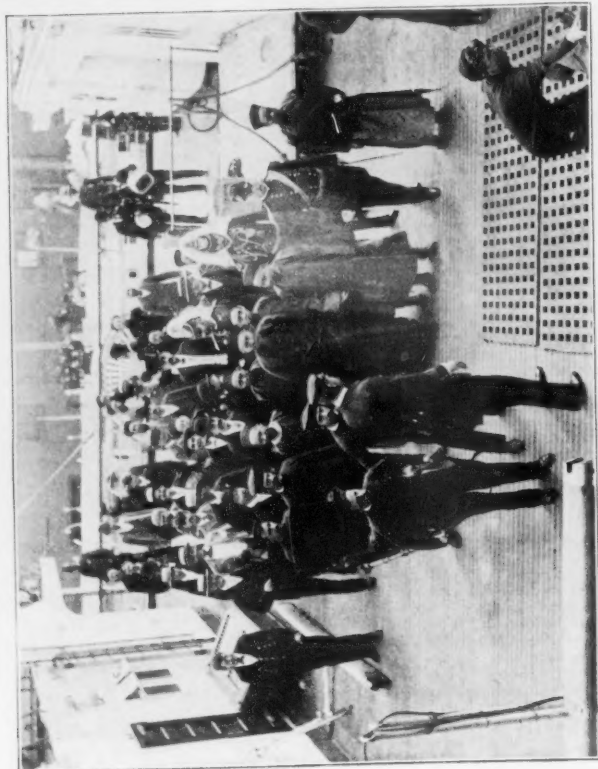
LEAVING THE WALDORE



WITH MAYOR STRONG IN UNION Sq



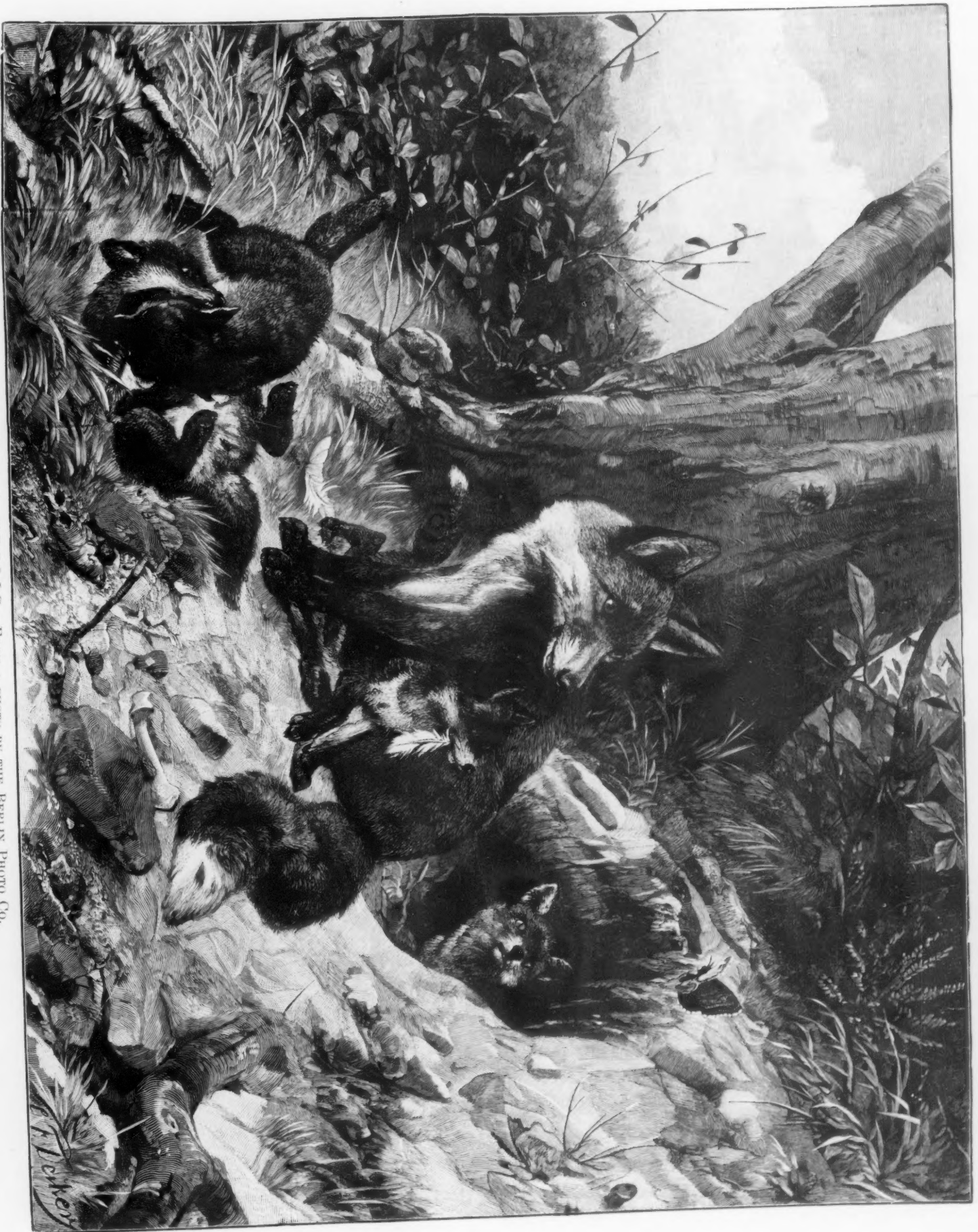
LI CARRIED BY FOUR OF THE FINEST



LI AND SUITE ON THE ST. LOUIS

SOME INCIDENTS DURING THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

AN AFTERNOON FROLIC.—FROM A PHOTO BY THE BERLIN PHOTO CO.



ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

The future King Edward VIII. of England, better known as Prince Edward, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of York, has already given reason for the faith that is in him. He will brook no rival to his rights. The advent of the second brother was anything but welcome to him. He howled and screamed when the small stranger was presented him. But now that he realizes there is no such possibility as "take him away, take him away," he has settled into accepting the inevitable younger brother.

The Queen has winged her flight from Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to Balmoral, where she will remain until November. Empress Eugenie will occupy Abergeldie, loaned her by the Queen. Then the Czar, perhaps also the Czarina, and the whole royal family will meet in the Highlands.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife were very proud of their Scottish home, Mar Lodge, which was consumed by fire. The foundation of the new building was laid by the Queen.

It was in Scotland the Earl of Fife, as he then was, first won the heart of the Princess Louise of Wales. She loved him in silence, and on every anniversary of his birthday bought a souvenir, which, however, she never dared to present to him until they were married.

Queen Victoria always spends Hallowe'en at Balmoral. This gave the Earl of Fife a golden opportunity of proving his loyalty to his liege lady and sovereign. This he invariably did, by a grand muster of the Clan Mac Duff. He is the Mac Duff, head of the clan. They serenaded the Queen with a braying of bagpipes, a torchlight procession, and a general illumination of the woods around Balmoral. They made a brave display, in their clan tartan, kilts and claymores.

Princess Victoria of Wales is still unmarried, owing to a *leudresse* for a gallant warrior, who has been banished across the seas. She is said to have intimated her intention of never marrying any one but him. He may be recalled some day.

The Marquess of Salisbury has been appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Five new battleships are to be built for the British Navy, one at Portsmouth, one at Devonport, one at Chatham and two by contract. One is to be called "Canopus," and they will be known as the "Canopus" class. They are thus called after the town in Lower Egypt, memorable for the battle of the Nile in 1798.

The *Afterpost* of Christiania says that Dr. Nansen will never again attempt to reach the North Pole in a ship. He may yet lead a sleighing expedition from Franz Joseph Land, from whence he thinks the journey to the pole will not be difficult. The Arctic exploring steamer "Fram" has arrived at Skamervoe.

Extra speed in crossing the ocean may be looked for in the near future. The new roller steamer invented by the well-known French marine engineer, M. Bazin, has been launched on the waters of the Seine at St. Denis near Paris. Its first journey was on the Seine, and then across the Straits of Dover to London.

The eldest son of the Shah of Persia was installed lately with great pomp as heir-apparent to the throne.

The marriage of Miss Louise Patterson Bonaparte—great-granddaughter of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, U.S.A.—will shortly take place with Count Adam Von Moltke Huitfeldt, who has become a Catholic.

Never before in the long and checkered annals of Russian history have so many precautions been taken as those now in force for the preservation of the life of Czar Nicholas II. It is stated with authority that the relatives of the Czar in England, Denmark and Greece will prevail on him to inaugurate reforms.

The almost total failure of the grain harvest in nearly all the sections of Southern Russia is officially announced. This will make the Old World more than ever dependent on the Grand Republic for her food supply of the staff of life.

The Russian Government has sent engineers to carry out the works necessary to make Vladivostok a commercial port. It is hoped they will be completed during next year.

All eyes in the Old World are turned toward the Imperial pair, Czar Nicholas and the Czarina, whose journey across Europe has already begun, by their visit to the Austrian capital, where they were entertained by Emperor Francis Joseph and Empress Elizabeth at the Hofburg Palace, Vienna.

An interchange of views between the Russian, Austrian and German Ministers gives an assurance of European peace for some time to come.

The grand parade of the Austrian troops in honor of the Czar and Czarina was a brilliant display, after which Emperor Francis Joseph and the Austrian Archdukes accompanied the Imperial guests to the railway station en route for Kieff. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the immense crowds that lined the streets.

The German Emperor and Empress will receive their Imperial relatives at Breslau, where during their stay an imposing array of ceremonials, reviews, banquets and receptions will take place. After the review of the Posen corps, at Goerlitz on the 7th inst., the Czar and Czarina will start for Kiel where the North Sea Squadron will be on view. Two days will be spent at the Schloss of Prince Henry of Prussia (Emperor William's brother) at Hemmelsmark, Schleswig Holstein. Here the Czarina's three sisters—Princess Henry, Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia and Princess Louis of Battenberg—will meet the Czar.

The betrothal of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland to her second cousin, Prince Bernard Henry, grandson of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, is officially announced. She celebrated her sixteenth birthday on the 31st ult., having been born August 31, 1880. She is the only daughter of King William III. of the Nether-

lands and his second wife, Princess Emma of Waldeck Pyrmont, younger sister of the Duchess of Albany.

The most striking feature in South African development is the increasing emigration from the British Isles to the Dark Continent. The Germans, Belgians, Italians are all represented, but the British have already been far ahead. It only needs to study the map of Africa to see the Gold Coast, Cape Coast Castle, the Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, the Transvaal, and along the route to Khartoum, to see how the game is played. And now we have news from Zanzibar of the deposition of the usurper, Sultan Said Kalid, on Wednesday of last week, the bombardment of the palace and the loss of some one thousand slain. The new Sultan, Hamoud Bin Mohammed, has been placed on the throne by the English. This is the evolution of the situation. The native tribes in Africa are sure to disappear, sooner or later. Humanity and civilization will win the cause. Here in the vast regions of Africa slavery in its worst form prevails as it did all over the world before the Christian era. Cannibalism is also rampant.

The historic house of Malmaison, where Josephine, the divorced wife of Napoleon I., spent the closing years of her life, has been sold to Mr. Osiris, who announces his intention of presenting it to the French nation.

The troubles in Constantinople are considered a new proof of the danger to the peace of Europe in allowing such a state of affairs to continue. It only requires the united action of England, Russia and the other European Powers to bring peace to Eastern Europe. This much-to-be-desired object will be discussed at Balmoral during the Czar's visit. The great influence which Queen Victoria has over the Czar will be exerted to the utmost for the benefit of the Christians under Turkish rule, and the whole settlement of the turmoil in Crete and Armenia.

Lord Brassey, the multi-millionaire Governor of Victoria, Australia, has given an official ball at Melbourne, the capital of the colony, at which entertainment the most remarkable feature was a quadrille of bicyclists. Among the number of bicyclists were his Excellency, his Ministers, and the highest society ladies of the distant colony.

The Ministerial crisis in Japan, resulting in the resignation of Count Ito, the Premier, who is to the land of the Mikado what Li Hung Chang is to China, what Bismarck was to Germany in the reign of Emperor William I., was followed by the resignation of the Secretary of the Cabinet and the Minister of the Interior. The Emperor has appointed Count Kuroda acting Premier for the present.

The funeral of Sir John Millais, the late president of the Royal Academy, took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Immense crowds thronged the streets from the residence of the deceased painter at Kensington Palace Gardens to the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly. The pallbearers were Lord Rosebery, the Marquess of Granby, the commander-in-chief Lord Wolseley, Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Reid, president of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Lord Carlisle, William Holman Hunt, R.A., and Philip Hermogenes Calderon, R.A., whose picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary caused such an uproar in 1893. The cortege was preceded by an open car bearing the coffin and another car piled high with floral wreaths. The funeral procession proceeded first to Burlington House, where it was joined by the Royal Academicians, and thence along Piccadilly, Regent Street, Pall Mall, the Strand, Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral. The floral tributes included a beautiful wreath from Queen Victoria; others from the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne (the most artistic member of the royal family), the Duke and Duchess of York, Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

A tremendous effort is being made in London to boom the gold mines in British Columbia and Canada. It was to see those mines Mr. Cecil Rhodes crossed the Atlantic a short time since, and it is for the same purpose the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and his fair American wife have also crossed. The development of all the resources of the Empire will be worked out in a newer and more vigorous way than ever before. Westward to the Far East makes a journey through British Columbia indispensable, and, with the new line of ocean greyhounds about to be started direct from Liverpool or Southampton to Halifax, Nova Scotia, the distance between the two countries will be considerably shortened.

The science of geology has lost a distinguished member by the death of President F. A. H. Green, A.M.A., professor of geology at the University of Oxford.

THERE is but one Olympia in the world and the oftener it is visited the more it is appreciated; and although the evenings recently have been quite autumnal in temperature a glimpse into Oscar Hammerstein's big amusement palace would readily manifest how wonderfully well it is appreciated. The roof has only one more week of vaudeville, and as a sort of farewell till another summer season a bill of unusual brightness and attractiveness will be served there. A decided novelty will be presented in the first appearance in New York City of an extraordinary attraction in the form of a troupe of trained goats. Professor Sherman's Caprine Paradox, as the entertainment is called, promises possibilities of a tremendous novelty. These animals are said to perform some of the most remarkable feats—leaping, military marching, walking the tight rope, playing see-saw, forming tableaux and pyramids, jumping through hoops formed of knives, waltzing, being among a few of their accomplishments. A clown goat and "Colonel," which is said to talk, are among the brightest of this caprine aggregation of stars. Papinta, whose gorgeous dances have attracted for her the most widespread attention, remains one of the chief features of the programme. Others on the bill will be: Georgie Parker, a comedienne; Melville, a juggler; Pablo Diaz, a contortionist; Leola Mitchell, the Living Doll; May Howard, Marshall and Nelson, Senorita Baranco; Van Auker, McPhee and Hill; Johnson, Davenport and Lorella; the Aeolian Trio, besides many others.



MR. JOHN DREW IN "ROSEMARY."

THERE was a touch of something a little bit quaint and sweet, as one might find in an old-fashioned garden, revealed in New York on Monday evening last, when "Rosemary" was first presented at the Empire Theater. The play was not new to English theater-goers, but was one of the new importations by which Charles Frohman hoped to make a happy hit and add to his list of successes. In it Mr. John Drew commenced his fifth season as a star under Mr. Frohman's management, and was afforded an opportunity for displaying his somewhat versatile gifts as an actor.

The importance of the play was evidently anticipated by the public, there not being a seat in the house obtainable long before the curtain went up. The success of it was guaranteed before the curtain finally went down.

As Sir Jasper Thorndyke Mr. Drew may not yet have realized his possibilities. The character may grow upon him and become a more actual part of his being. It is one for which in many ways his gifts are not at all unsuited. There are opportunities, however, which he did not seem to have fully developed, and a stiffness about his acting at times which did not fully satisfy the audience. This was at the climaxes and the points immediately leading up to them. In other places Mr. Drew was delightful, and the lighter, more dalliant moods evidently suited him best. Perhaps the deeper paths does not exist in Mr. Drew's nature, or the capacity for voicing it most intensely. The character of Sir Jasper is by no means an easy one to portray, but is one from which an immense amount of fine acting can be realized. It is more than likely that Mr. Drew will greatly improve in it, and not forget sometimes that he is practically in a previous century.

The leading female character, Maude Adams as Dorothy Cruikshanks, was throughout an ideal impersonation of the innocent and charming heroine. The next most important character in the play is probably that of Captain Cruikshanks, admirably filled, although perhaps a trifle overdrawn, by Harry Harwood. Daniel Harkins made an ideal Professor Jogram, and altogether everything went with admirable smoothness throughout. Those who are prone to indulge in pessimistic ideas concerning the decadence of the people might take heart of grace at seeing the way in which such a play as "Rosemary" was received by a New York audience.

The plot contains a strong and beautiful moral, and the piece throughout is entirely devoid of any attempt to hold the audience by an appeal to any but the simplest and highest feelings. It is an ideal love story, the scenes of which are laid in the early part of the present century. The exact time at which it opens is the Coronation of Queen Victoria. It is the age of stage coaches and Wellington boots, of knee-breeches, snuff-boxes and good manners. An age from which we are separated by mechanical discoveries that have revolutionized the world.

The opening scene is a rather odd and somewhat puzzling one, but has the merit of soon suggesting the plot of the story. It is a stormy night, with two young persons crouching in a somewhat ridiculous attitude upon the rear seat of a post-chaise, minus one wheel. Some one is lying on the ground groaning. It turns out to be the post-boy, who reluctantly gets off the wet ground to light a lantern. The light reveals a young man and a young woman, the latter terrified and clinging to her companion's arm. While the post-boy bewails the loss of the horse the conversation between the two young people develops the fact that they are an eloping couple. He is a young man named William Weston, in the employ of the East India Company, and son of Colonel Weston. The young lady is Miss Dorothy Cruikshanks, daughter of a fierce old naval captain, who is in pursuit of the runaways. Nothing could well add to the horror of the situation, but the post-boy discovers that they are on the edge of a pond, where a murder was committed, and three miles from the nearest village. At this juncture an angel of mercy appears in the shape of an eccentric personage, who proves to be Sir Jasper Thorndyke, the possessor of a near-by estate, Ingle Hall. When the plight of the lovers is revealed to him, the baronet graciously invites them to spend the night at Ingle Hall, and they agree to do so.

Upon returning to the scene of disaster later the baronet discovers another pair of unfortunates, whose horse has bolted. These prove to be Captain and Mrs. Cruikshanks, the parents of the runaway girl. This fact does not dawn upon Sir Jasper until he has invited them, also, to spend the night at Ingle Hall.

The morning, of course, brings its complications, expected and otherwise. Upon one of the earliest of these events the pivot of the play turns. Sir Jasper is standing in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of his guests to breakfast, when a vision of loveliness appears from the garden in the shape of a young girl carrying

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Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

an enormous bunch of flowers. It is kissed. Love at first sight, apparently. The young lady is Dorothy Cruikshanks, and she is astounded to find the baronet so young and handsome. In her sweet girlish innocence she practically tells him so.

He helps her to place the flowers around the room, doting upon each movement, each gesture of the bewitching damsel. The baronet has just reached the stage of calling Miss Cruikshanks "Dolly" when her affianced lover, William Westwood, appears on the scene. From this moment on the chance for a duel between the two grows fast and furiously.

Then Sir Jasper recollects himself. He had fallen in love with "Dolly" before he knew who she really was. His conduct as a host is atrocious, but although it will break his heart he must do something noble, and quickly. William Westwood is unknown to Captain Cruikshanks, the fierce sea-dog, or his wife, and vice versa. Sir Jasper naively seats them all around the breakfast-table, and when Captain Cruikshanks deplores his misfortunes and wishes the smart young man opposite was his intended son-in-law, the baronet offers to tell a fairy tale.

He is to play the part of prince, reconcile all parties, take them up to London for the wedding and to see the Coronation ceremonies.

All works smoothly after a few choleric outbreaks on the part of the father at the discovery of Westwood's identity. "Dolly" is brought in and forgiven, and the party all prepare for the journey to London.

Act III. opens in the upper room of a London coffee-house, where the party has secured windows to witness the procession. It is evident that Sir Jasper has fairly lost his head over "Dolly," and it seems that the young lady is not a little infatuated with her gallant host. It is here that another strong character comes to play its most prominent part—Professor Jogram. He is a learned philosopher, guest and true friend of Sir Jasper's. Matters have come to a crisis between the lovers owing to Sir Jasper's attentions to "Dolly." It looks as if at the approaching nuptials Sir Jasper would be the bridegroom instead of William Westwood.

"Dolly" has been wearing a sprig of rosemary given her by Sir Jasper on that eventful morning when she first met him. She has allowed the baronet to carry her diary for her, and suffered William, vulgarly speaking, to stay out in the cold. The worm turns at last. The disgruntled lover demands an explanation from "Dolly." She is coquetish, even indifferent, and refuses to allow her sweetheart to look in her diary. He goes off in a tit and "Dolly" repents. Miss Adams is at her best when coyly calling to William to come back, thinking that he is waiting outside the door. When she discovers that he has gone she is truly sorry. Then Sir Jasper enters. He is madly in love, and no longer attempts to conceal it. "Dolly" tells him her trouble and he comforts her. In fact he is glad of his opportunity, and seems bent upon playing the part of the villain. But "Dolly's" innocence of guilty intent is proved by her grief over William's departure. Her true feelings are revealed by some passages in her diary which she gives to Sir Jasper to read. In every line she dwells upon his marvelous kindness. But the baronet is too far gone to understand that kindness is not love. He grasps at the straw—is at the point of saying something which cannot be misunderstood—when "Dolly" runs off to look for William. Professor Jogram enters, sedate, massive and redolent of wisdom and probity.

Sir Jasper confesses to the professor that he is hopelessly gone, that honor shall be sacrificed, that he will have "Dolly." His whole being is convulsed with a grand paroxysm of passion. Here Mr. Drew lights up with a spark of the divine afflatus. In this cataclysm, which threatens to engulf his friend's morality, Professor Jogram stands like a guardian angel. When Sir Jasper hisses, with an almost devilish intensity, "What shall stop me?" Professor Jogram replies in a tone as calm, as impassive, as unanswerable as the voice of fate, "Honor." Then Sir Jasper breaks down. He admits that he never deceived himself in the matter. The devil is mastered. He takes the rosemary, and the leaves about himself he has torn from Dorothy's diary, and hides them in a panel. Then he buys the house so that he can preserve the room as a shrine. When "Dolly" William and the others come in to tell Sir Jasper that they have made up and will be married the next day, Sir Jasper is waiting to tell them

that he must leave at once for Ingle Hall. There is something inexplicable to "Dolly" about the strange sadness of Sir Jasper when they are alone and parting forever which she will probably understand in after years. And then the whole story is over.

The fourth act is merely a grotesque finale. It is fifty years after, and Sir Jasper, an old white-headed man, is indulging in reverie in the chamber where he and "Dolly" parted in the long ago. His voice is too feeble to be heard far from the stage, but when he goes to pull a bell, and a panel drops out from which he picks the leaves of her diary and the rosemary, words are not needed. And through the mist of years he conjures up once more the remembrance of his romance with "Dolly."

ARTHUR FIELD.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

THE White Squadron has sailed from New York, under the command of Rear-Admiral Bunce, for a fortnight's cruise. The plan includes three days to be spent at sea in naval maneuvers, gun drills, etc., after which the fleet will proceed around Montauk Point to an anchorage off Fisher's Island.

Rudyard Kipling, who has been for several years a resident of Brattleboro, Vt., sailed last week for England. From there he will go to India, where, it is said, he will pick up material for future literary work.

John Houston, one of the foremost railroad engineers and constructors in this country, died Sunday, August 30, at Arlington, N. J. He was chief engineer of the Erie Railroad from 1851 to 1863, and constructed the famous Bergen tunnel, through nearly one mile of solid rock, while holding that position. Mr. Houston was also constructing engineer of the Laguayra and Caracas Mountain railroad in Venezuela, which he completed after some of the most celebrated engineers of Europe had declared the project impracticable.

Reports from Butte, Mont., tell of the sensation caused by the alleged discovery of gold not far from that city. For several weeks there were rumors of fabulous shipments of rich ore made to the Parrot and Colorado smelters in that city, and now the results are so definite as to leave no shadow of doubt of the importance of this discovery.

Charles Stanley Reinhart, the well-known artist, died Sunday, August 30, in New York. He had been ill for several months with Bright's disease, but the immediate cause of his death was blood poisoning. Mr. Reinhart was fifty-two years old, and was a native of Pittsburgh. During the Civil War he was employed on the United States railroads in Virginia, and it was not until 1868 that he commenced the serious study of art. He has long been considered one of the foremost American illustrators.

The Navy Department has decided to send the "Bancroft" into Turkish waters, and the work of fitting the vessel and preparing for the cruise is now going forward at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The officers have been selected and ordered to report as soon as possible. They are Lieutenant-Commander C. Belknap, detached from the Naval Academy to command her; Lieutenant T. F. Veeder, detached from the Bureau of Equipment at Washington and ordered as executive officer; Ensign S. F. W. Kittelle, detached from the "Vermont" at New York, and Assistant Paymaster Richard Hatton, detached from the "Katahdin." Considerable difficulty has been encountered in securing engineer officers, as the department is seeking only those officers who have not been to sea for some time, and who will therefore be available for a full three years' detail, it apparently being the intention to provide for a contingency which may possibly keep the vessel abroad for a long time. It is generally understood that the sending of the "Bancroft" has some bearing on the demand for indemnity from the Turkish Government for the destruction of the property of American missionaries at Harpoot and Marash. It is understood that the "Bancroft" is to have a consort on her voyage across the ocean, for which purpose a cruiser will be detached from Admiral Bunce's fleet and assigned to the European squadron.

The Salvation Army in New York has taken to the wheel. A corps of bicyclists, numbering about seventy-five, has been organized to hold open-air meetings in various parts of the city. A dozen of the corps are women. They wear the regulation uniform skirt, with soft hats. The men riders wear black helmets and knee trousers and the regulation Army jacket. Commander Booth-Tucker led the procession when it started on its first expedition against sin, and close behind him was the

Army's brass band, all on wheels. The American flag and the flag of the Army were carried by two of the riders.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS AND HIS WORK.

IN this issue we reproduce several of the more noted pictures of the late Sir John Everett Millais, the distinguished English painter and president of the Royal Academy. He was undoubtedly the foremost English painter of his time and well merited the honor which he had enjoyed for so brief a period—the presidency of the Academy. Speaking of him in this connection the "Illustrated London News" says: "Of the eight presidents who have occupied the chair of the Royal Academy Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir John Millais can alone claim to have been great painters, in the fullest sense of the term. West was correct, Lawrence graceful, and Leighton perfect, while of the others little more than the names survive to mark their passing. With Millais, moreover, the traditions of high art, in which imagination goes hand in hand with execution, seem to have faded away." The late president, alas! has no peer among the crowd of Academicians who will shortly assemble to elect his successor.

Millais was born in Southampton in 1829. He came of a family which had resided in the Island of Jersey since the Norman Conquest. The family subsequently moved to Brittany. Under what impulse or inspiration John Millais first began to draw has not been satisfactorily shown; but before he was nine years old his father brought him to London, and by the advice of Sir M. Archer Shee, then president of the Royal Academy, the lad was at once, in 1838, sent to Sass's Drawing School, and in the same year won the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing from the antique. In 1840 he was admitted, at an unprecedented age, a student at the Royal Academy, where he won successively the Silver and Gold Medals. In 1846, just fifty years ago, his first picture was hung in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, then held in Trafalgar Square. This was "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," a subject which lent itself to brilliant coloring as well as to forcible action.

While still a student in the Academy's schools, he had rebelled against the routine of the academic teaching of the day. He, with William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, established what was termed, as much in jest as in earnest, the "Pre-Raphaelite School." In a short-lived periodical which appeared in 1850, called "The Germ, or Art and Poetry," the artists tried to propagate their cult with the pen. In 1851 Mr. Ruskin came to the support of the new school in letters to the "Times." He also indorsed it in a pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelism" and in his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting."

Millais became an associate of the Royal Academy in 1853 and R.A. in December, 1863. In February of the present year he was chosen president to succeed Lord Leighton, who died soon after being elevated to the peerage. Almost immediately a disease with which he had been some time afflicted was diagnosed as cancer of the throat, and his death became only a question of time. He was made a baronet in 1885 on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation. He was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1878, and in 1882 he was elected a foreign associate of the Beaux Arts.

OUR VISITOR FROM THE EAST.

Li Hung Chang landed in New York, August 28, amid the salutations of the army and navy, and was received with due ceremony by the representatives of our Government. The Chinese flag floated from the City Hall and a great crowd of people gathered to see him leave the pier. He proceeded at once to the Waldorf, where arrangements had been made for entertaining him and his suite. Secretary Olney, General Ruger and Mayor Strong called upon him, and that evening a dinner was tendered to him by former United States Ministers to China.

The following day he was received by President Cleveland at the home of ex-Secretary Whitney. Among those present were Secretary Carlisle, Assistant Secretary of State Rockhill and ex-Secretary of State Foster. Sunday he visited General Grant's tomb and paid a tribute to the dead soldier similar to that which he paid to General Gordon in London, by placing a wreath on his coffin. A squad of infantrymen from Governor's Island had been drawn up at the foot of the stairs leading to the platform in front of the vault. The door of the vault was opened, and the Earl, taking a wreath of smilax, laurel, and yellow and white

orchids, entered the vault, followed only by Colonel Grant and his son, General Porter and an interpreter. Then Li Hung Chang placed the wreath upon the sarcophagus, and stood a minute, bowed and silent.

Then he spoke of General Grant. He told the son and grandson of his great admiration for the General as a man, and the high esteem in which he had held him as a great soldier and statesman. Next he asked if it was the usual custom here to dispose of the dead in the manner he saw there. The facts were explained to him, and he was informed that the body of General Grant was to remain there only until the tomb the Earl had seen as he drove up was finished.

"Ah, the temple," he said. "How much did it cost?"

General Porter gave him exact figures on that point, and reminded the Viceroy that his own check for five hundred dollars was among the first of the eighty thousand contributions made to the monument fund. After some more talk about the monument Earl Li made a low and ceremonious bow before the sarcophagus and retired from the vault. The bearers reversed the chair and another cheer greeted Li Hung Chang as he entered it and returned to his carriage. He was then driven to Colonel Grant's residence where the General's widow and a party of friends met him.

Monday Li went on board the "Dolphin" and was taken to West Point, where a drill of the cadets had been arranged. It rained, however, and his landing was delayed in the hope that the storm would abate. It did not, however, so he landed at last. He did not remain long. Tuesday the merchants of the city entertained him at dinner and in the afternoon he visited Chinatown. The representatives of various church mission societies called on him and presented an address. Later he reviewed the Police and Fire Departments at Union Square. Thursday he called on Mayors Strong and Wurster.

THE NEGLECTED ALTAR.

Believing that much of the increasing neglect of family worship is due to the difficulty encountered in hastily selecting passages of Scripture of a suitable devotional character, Sylvanus Stall, D.D., a careful Bible student and the author of several valuable books, has prepared a volume of 365 selections from the Bible for daily devotions, and the Funk & Wagnalls Company of New York will publish the same in a few days in a neat dollar volume. The selections are also for use in the chapel services of colleges, the opening devotions in the public schools, and for the daily use of Christian Endeavorers and members of other societies of young people.

ALWAYS seeking to give new surprises, Oscar Hammerstein has again come to the fore with the most interesting announcement of the early autumn season, and at the close of the present engagement at Manhattan Beach, John Phillip Sousa and his incomparable band will be numbered among the other wondrous attractions of Olympia. How can ingenuity and progressiveness like this be bested? The name of John Phillip Sousa is a household word, the charm of which has the power of coercion for miles around from whence it is displayed. This engagement at Olympia is limited to one week. The bandmaster's salary has been fixed at four thousand dollars, for the single week. This interesting engagement indicates several matters most significantly. It shows distinctly that Oscar Hammerstein intends to spend without stint some of his lavish earnings and that cost at Olympia is never allowed to interfere with the artistic merit or quality of the attraction served. It also means that at last John Phillip Sousa is coming to New York City, and in reality to his own; for although there is no place in America where Sousa's name ranks so high in enviable popularity, this is his first New York City engagement in years, for the composer has spent most of his time in other places. For the public, it means that it will have the opportunity of enjoying the finest and most spirited band of modern times. As a special feature of his engagement it is announced that on Sunday night, September 13, Mr. Sousa will give a sacred concert of special selections.

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